# The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 23.

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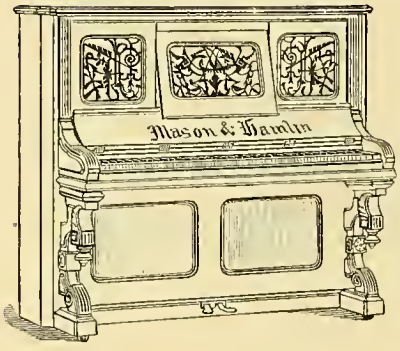


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# THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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## The Wellesley Prelude.

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### THE CAP AND GOWN.

TO the College girl Charles Dudley Warner's article, on "The Cap and Gown," in the current number of Harper's is of interest for several reasons. Because she is a college student any question concerning the conditions of college life is of interest to her; and, because she is a woman, to a question of dress there attaches a peculiar interest. Finally her interest is vital, because she is the person most intimately concerned in the outcome of the question.

To any woman, a dress "which gives a plain girl distinction" and to which a handsome girl gives distinction is an attractive one. The college girl is not only willing but anxious to wear the most attractive dress she can command. But it is not because the cap and gown is becoming that it is so desirable a habit in the eyes of the college girl. The chief value of the fact that it is becoming is negative rather than positive. If it were unbecoming, woe to the cap and gown! The attractiveness, however, is favorable to the cap and gown cause chiefly because the converse does not exist as a disadvantage, overbalancing all the advantages.

But, to a girl pursuing a college course, whose mind is directed almost entirely to intellectual improvement, dress is a secondary consideration. Obviously she cannot give so much time and thought to the subject as can her sister in society. She naturally inclines to the cap and gown because it is becoming, but she longs to wear it principally for the reason that it is the symbol of her ideal life and a means to help her more closely to attain to that ideal. The wearing of the habit signifies continually to the wearer, and to all others, her devotion for the time being to the higher intellectual life. It would be easier for the college girl to be what she is striving to be, if the symbol of her ideal were ever before her. The spirit of scholarliness clings to the scholar's cap and gown. A dignified, scholarly atmosphere pervades the haunts of a body of students wearing the cap and gown, an atmosphere favorable to the ideal life of the students and giving the world a true impression of that life.

The academic garb is a democratic institution and therefore in harmony with the general college spirit. In college, distinction tends to rest wholly on intellectual superiority, and universality in dress is a step farther in the progress of this tendency. The poor student and the rich are brought even more decidedly upon a level. The kindly, flowing robe covers all deficiencies and extravagancies of wardrobe. The girl whose scanty purse decrees that she must wear the same plain dress from day to day does not differ outwardly from her more fortunate neighbor except in the measure of grace with which she wears the common robe. Its economy is a point in its favor.

To the Wellesley girl, the cap and gown at Wellesley is the most interesting phase of the whole cap and gown question. Shall the college girl wear the cap and gown, becomes the more specific problem, shall the Wellesley girl wear the cap and gown? By the present custom, the cap and gown is worn at Wellesley once during the course, by the Seniors on Tree Day. If the habit is worn at all should not the occasion of all others be the day when the student receives her sheep-skin? On Commencement Day, when the immediate end of the four years struggle is at last accomplished, the girl graduate would fittingly stand robed in the garments which represent her ideal. In almost all colleges for men, it is the custom for the candidates for degrees to wear the academic garb on that day. Since it is the already established custom for the Seniors to wear this dress on Tree Day, would it not be easy to extend it to the days following, making the last part of the Senior year, especially Baccalaureate Sunday and Commencement, more sacred to the heart of the Senior? Such a step would be a change, but not a radical one; rather, a change which would be an experiment going far to show whether or not the radical change is a desirable one.

The PRELUDE would urge its readers to express themselves on this subject—either on the general question, or on any of its phases. Articles handed in this term may be printed in the issue of April 11, the first number after vacation.

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### THE EMPLOYMENT REGISTRY.

The PRELUDE'S suggestion concerning an employment registry is an interesting one, and one that might well be carried out, if the girls desiring to obtain situations in that way would be prepared and willing to meet the inevitable low wages they would receive.

No college graduate, man or woman, can rightfully expect to step at once into a position in business that is high as regards responsibility and wages. A college education does not pretend to give the fundamental training necessary in all branches of business, and the college graduate must begin at the beginning if he would be capable of the higher work, no matter if the situation is somewhat humble and the wages in proportion.

But here the college education comes to the front if it is worthy of its name. An educated person has a mind trained to see relations, and to adjust things in their relations with more tact than an uneducated person; so if a college graduate has the slightest aptitude for business, that aptitude ought to be shown in the ease with which he can understand his surroundings and be ready to meet them.

It is a custom of the day for good men and women to wail most wofully at the evil practices of the business-world, but let a college graduate "go into business," and they are the first to deplore or sneer at his small beginnings.

The chief evil of our business-life is that those who enter it are simply men of business, nothing more. They have no outside enjoyments which raise them above the more material plane of life, and they are obliged to go on getting money when they have enough, because their education has been for business alone. This should not be the case with one of broader education. Ruskin says: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things." A man of business with tastes for the best things of life cannot settle down to the level of money-getting for money's sake.

And beyond mere enjoyment, how is business to be reformed unless people with educated minds and souls go into it? College women are seen in other reforms, and theoretically in business reforms, but why not practically? An uneducated woman can carry on a business, and why cannot an educated woman? True, she would perhaps be a little more scrupulous from her education and that would be financial disaster, but she ought to be able to count on the support of thoughtful people.

The vocation of the business man or woman may not be as high as that of the teacher, but when one thinks of the awful wrongs done in the name of business to millions of helpless souls, it certainly offers opportunity for noble work in helping to right these wrongs.

*Mary Barrows, '90*

## TRAFFIC.

To a philosopher or student of human nature, what could be more interesting than to wrap one's self in the cloak of invisibility, and perch comfortably on the shelf of one of our large retail establishments for an hour or so when the tide of traffic runs high. There is such a fascination about the shifting ebb and flow of human life in its various phases; and equally fascinating is it to watch the curious, chameleon-like transitions of the ordinary salesman as he touches now this, now that specimen of humanity. I think, Mr. Clerk, that I will esconce myself in this obscure corner, and make a little scientific study of the ways and manners of your species, if you have no objections.

Observe the obsequious gallantry of our specimen clerk, as a well-dressed, rather portly lady sails up to the counter. He bends forward, all assiduity, all eager concern to know her slightest wishes, all willingness to show her anything and everything the house affords. "No trouble at all, Madam!" She is clothed in velvet and furs, and to her he is the most deferential of lackeys. But she passes on, and presto, change! our hero is twirling his moustache, and gazing with eyes of tender admiration into the face of a pretty girl who is very stylishly attired in tawdry finery. She reciprocates. He is now the all-conquering, fascinating, irresistable Adonis. His conversational talents are exerted to the utmost. He makes many witty remarks, while she blushes and giggles. But the sweetest things of life must pass, and slowly, lingeringly, regretfully, with a backward glance and smile, the pretty girl goes on her way.

Another change! Mr. Clerk is now gazing straight before him, with a bored, indifferent look on his speaking countenance. A shrill childish treble is demanding two cents worth of hairpins, but our hero is so very tall and straight, that it takes a long time for the sound to reach his ears. Finally he condescends to glance down at the small applicant, turns to engage in a little conversation with his fellow-clerks, and at last swoops in the two cents, while smiling fascinatingly at the lady clerk at the next counter. To the small child, he is the epitome of grandeur and aristocracy.

And now comes along the mediocre woman, neither very young nor very old, neither very rich nor very poor, not knowing exactly what she wants nor how much of it, but very ready to take advice, and an easy target for deceit and fraud. How is she received? Ah, that depends upon her environment. If her neighbor at the counter be the afore-mentioned small child, her chances are good for comparatively speedy and solicitous attention, but hard indeed is her fate, if there be anywhere in the vicinity, a rather elderly and very portly gentleman with a gold-headed cane. He is the grand Mogul to whom everything and everybody must be sacrificed. This has always seemed to me manifestly unjust, for though our meek woman may not possess the wealth of a Crœsus, still she will buy whatever the salesman advises, which is more than can be said of the portly old gentleman, who stalks through the shop with all its attendants making humble contortions before him.

But what is this, Mr. Clerk? Do I understand you are making objections to my criticisms of your conduct? What! Do I understand you to say I am just as much of a salesman as you? What impertinence! Ah, you mean that the whole world is a shop and all of the inhabitants tradespeople? I don't object to that quite as much as to your personal abuse. I suppose we do barter and haggle over our possessions more or less. It is true that we do not give away much without gettin an adequate return. And so you would like to exchange places for a while, would you, and watch me, while I arrange and bargain off my qualifications, talents, and other possessions? Very well! So be it; Mr. Clerk can retire to the shelf, and I will take his place behind the counter. I must first look over my wares, and see how I can display them to make the best impression on the public eye. Let me drape in front my stock of culture and general information. That always makes a good impression and will attract people to my counter. Ah! be careful how that general information is handled, it is very weak in spots and will not bear close inspection, but perhaps it can be draped with the best side out, and the holes hidden with some of these knots of imitation thoughtfulness. My stock of real wisdom is wofully low, but there is very little call for that now-a-days, and perhaps I can manage to scrape together enough to satisfy Prof. Wiseacre, if he should call. Festoon some of these witticisms around in conspicuous places, and then hang up my best society smile where it will illumine the whole. There! that gives a very fine effect. Now here are some bright pieces of good nature and cheerfulness which will harmonize with the rest. I declare, in the light of that smile, you can't tell the imitation from the genuine article, can you, but this piece I'm hanging up now is a very poor imitation when exposed to daylight. It fades frightfully, but there are people upon whom I can palm it off, who will never know it from genuine good-nature.

But here comes a customer. Good morning Madame, what can I show you to-day? Benevolence? Ah yes, I have a fine assortment. Here is really the latest thing out, a perfectly symmetrical, beautiful article. Any self-sacrifice about it? No, Madame, waranted not to contain a bit. It could not hurt an infant, and yet, it is so ornamental. Yes, I am ready to part with it for a

very moderate amount of public approval. Thank you Madame. Good-day.

What did you say, child? You want a smile? But how much can you pay for it? Only that small bit of gratitude? Really you should go to some less elegant establishment than this for such a cheap article. Gratitude is but an ignoble coin anyway, and you have only that one small bit! Nevertheless, I will see what I can do for you. Some of those bright ones up there? Why, child, those are very expensive, they can only be bought with adulation or social opportunities, some of them with nothing less than love. But here is a poor little pinched smile of pity which is perhaps worth about what you can pay for it. There, hurry away child, and make room for Lord Pomposity.

Fine day, sir! So glad to have an opportunity to show you my stock! No trouble at all sir! Ah! I see you are pleased with my specimen of culture. Let me spread it out where you will get the best light upon it. It is a pretty article, is it not? Then my artistic and poetic temperament, Sir, will you have the goodness to look at that? It is generally considered very æsthetic, and when ornamented with a few witticisms, drapes very prettily in a parlor. No? you do not care for that? Ah, I see, good common-sense is more in your line. I have some in one of these boxes, I think, but my stock is rather low just at present. Most men like it best, however where it is largely diluted with flattery. Will you have yours so? Anything in my stock I shall be glad to show you. My prices? Oh, very moderate, Sir! All I ask is a condescending smile from you, your social patronage, and a position with high salary. Oh, certainly Sir. Good-day.

Yes, he is gone, taken everything I offered him, but asked me to *charge it*! And so the day goes by. This buying and selling is really a wearisome business, and I am glad when night draws on, and I can put away my wares and close the shop. Fold everything away carefully, for all must come out in good condition again to-morrow, and some of the goods are very flimsy. Before I leave my place of business, however, I must count my gains. Really they are not as large as I supposed. It seems as if I were hardly repaid for my efforts. And look at my neighbor at the next counter! He is counting over coin after coin of love, admiration, praise, affection, and gratitude. What did you say? He has been *giving away* some of his goods? Just like him! A mean, contemptible, advertising trick, to attract people to his counter! Competition will be the ruin of us all.

---

President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, has been appointed one of the United States delegates to the International Congregational Council to be held at London in July.—*Ex.*

### SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

Shadows lightly flee before us,
Dancing, flitting, bending o'er us,
But whenever we would gain them
They forbid us to attain them—
Though they draw us onward still.

Such the shadow, such its power,
That we follow hour by hour
Nearer, nearer, upward winding,
Now and then the shadow finding—
But it glides from out our grasp.

Happiness, a substance, shadow,
What we feel from day to day,;
Shadows will but fade and vanish,
Substance comes but once, to stay.

*Cl.*

### SHALL TH' PEARSON GO?

Las' Sunday as me an' Henry was comin' out 'f meetin' 'n th' board walk, we heard Mis' Stetson an' th' deacon talkin' 'n front 'f us 'n a 'larmin' manner, an' Henry he alwus likes t' hear 'larmin' things, so he hurried t' ketch up, an' I did too, an' this 's w'at they was talkin' 'bout.

The deacon he was well 'xcited an' talked mor'n he'd o't to, but th' missis she was a match for him ev'ry time. They was talkin' 'bout th' pearson. Mis' Stetson says,

"I never seen a pearson that was disrep'able, nor've you neither."

"That don' surprise me," says Mister, "You don' have th' habit 'f observin' 's I do, an' 'f I seen one I don' have t' tell you."

"You never do nuthin without you have to," says Missis, "An' I think you're mean not t' tell me, I do."

Th' deacon he switched 's cane an' stood 'little straighter an' I could see 'little darn in's coat under th' sleeve, an' I says to Henry, "Don' you think he'd o't t' tell her?"

An' Henry he leaned over an' clicked 's teeth th' way he does when's happy, an' says he, "He's goin' to." Henry's 'n awful gossip, all's fam'ly are.

"Well," says Mister, "Haint he ben usin' money lately, hai t he sent's George t' th' academy? George aint over bright neither, an' how'n time 'd

he get 't all?" An' he stuck's cane in 'knothole an' twirl' 't roun'.

Mis' Stetson she walked 'long a crumplin' 'r han'kerchef 'n 'r han' 'n bowin' t' folks 's if she didn't care for nothin. Henry an' me knew she was dyin' t' know. Henry says,

"Don' she know how t' lead him!" An' he pulled 's tippet tighter so 't he wouldn't ketch col' t' push 's hat off'n 's ears t' hear. Henry alwus wears 'tippet.

Says th' deacon, "His pay aint large 'nough t' kever all them things, an' we hedn't o't t' hol' 'pearson w'at uses money he don' get righteously."

Says Mis' Stetson, "How d'you know 't he don' get 't righteously?"

The deacon he set 's lips t'gether 'minnit an' looked mad-like, an' then continued, "I never seen ' woman like you 'n all my life, you be so 'mpatient for th' 'ticulars. But you won' get 'ny this time howsoever. I aint goin' t' tell you nuthin'."

Mos' all th' folks 'd got pas' by this time, an' Henry was awful 'fraid he wa' n't goin' t' tell no more, but after ' bit he says jerky-like, "I heppen t' hev 'thority of 's investin' 'n th' Louisianny!" An' he held 's cane s' fit-like 'n th' air Henry thought he was goin' t' hit th' missis. Henry's alwus scairt 'f nuthin' 't all, I tol' him 'd better be keerful 'r he wouldn't hear nuthin'.

Mis' Stetson she took right hol' 'f th' deacon, an' says she, an' 'r face was red 's 'radish, "How d' you know, 'Lexander Stetson, how d' you know? I don' believe it, 't aint so, w'eres' your 'thority? Bring th' evidenshul."

Oh, she talked right smart, an' Henry he says, "Aint she givin' it t' him!" Then the deacon he turned w'ite, an' says he kind 'er faint-like, "I knowed 't 't th' time, I seen the cowpons 'n th' mail-box."

Then says th' Missis, "Oh, you seen th' cowpons, did you? How'd they look? I never seen none, be they black, 'r fire-red? They'd o't 't be one 'r t,other they're such wicked things."

The deacon he fell right 'nter th' trap an' says he, "They be all colors, but I seen th' package done up with th' red stampin' 'n the edge, an' I knowed he got ' lucky number too."

Then I tell y', th' missis she called out s' loud 't Henry was scairt *tugen*, "'Lexander Wilkins Stetson, *you* hev invested 'n that thare Louisianny! don' you deny it, you *hev*, I seen your cowpons, I did, that thare leetle heavy square package w'at hed th' red stampin' 'n t' edge, sumthin' ,bout ten days return t' Chicago! I seen it, you tuk 't from y' overcoat pocket an' laid 't on' table, an' w'en I looked 't it you tuk it upstairs! They send 'm from Chicago t' fool folks, *I* know, you can't fool *me*! 'Twas tied with pink hemp string. I saved 't, 'ts in th' table drawer. You wicked man! you dreffle thing! Oh! aint I 'shamed! How much 'd you spend 'n that thare Louisianny? You've got t' tell me, I'll make y'!"

Pore ol' deacon! I sort'er pitied him, 's face was so white-like, hern was red 'nough, but his'n wa' n't. He shook like ' tossel an' dropped 's cane 'ltogether, an' Henry picked 't up an' was goin' t' han' 't t' him, but I grabbed 's arm an' tol' him t' keep quiet 'r he wouldn't hear nuthin', so he jes' carried it 'n 's han'. Then we was turnin' th' corner, an' seen th' w'ite picket fence 't is afore th' deacon's yard, ourn's next, an' Henry he says,

"Why don't he tell her?"

Then says th' deacon, "Oh, 'Liza I *will* tell y'! I 'nvested five dollars, five-fifths 'n five numbers, an' so did th' pearson, an' I didn't get nuthin', but he got five thousand dollars 'n one o' hisn, an' I'm awful sorry."

"*Be* you!" says Mis' Stetson. "Well, th' pearson *sha'n't* go, 'Lexander Stetson, you set this here down *right now*! *he sha'n't*! D'ye hear?"

An' th' deacon he didn't answer, an' then we was t' their gate, an' Henry gev' 'm 's cane an' they went in. Henry stopped ' minnit for sumthin' an' then says he,

"Mis' Stetson is unlockin' th' door."

Then says Mis' Stetson, "Will you promise me?" An' th' deacon he says, "Yes, I will."

An' then Henry went 'long, an' I did too. Howsoever, the pearson aint gone yet.

*Esther Parmenter, '94.*

---

SIXTY-FOUR per cent of the men actively engaged in athletics on the various teams, and sixty-eight per cent of those engaged as editors on the different publications at Yale received honorary appointments at the last examinations.—*Ex.*

## POEM.

We grovel in our labor, fret the chains
That nail us to our cell, our madd'ning care
Bemoan, for sunshine clamor, shriek for air,
Nor own our fettered comrade in his pains:
When, God, we forge upon ourselves the chains,
Thou hast no dungeon-walls for heaven's heir.
One word of pity to the pris'ner there,
Bursts iron links and walls with giant powers,
And both the captives find the world, fresh, fair,
With sun and air and sea, with songs and flowers.

Spirit of Love, forever pure and strong,
Touch my faint soul-fire with thine altar's coal,
Till, freed from hind'ring bonds of sanctioned wrong,
I bring the world a touch of thine own soul.

*Lilian Miner*, '88.

## IN AN ENCHANTED COUNTRY.

Do you know how the roses blush, my sweet,
If your dress but brushes them by?
Oh, the roses are come of royal blood;
They know when their Queen is nigh!

Do you feel the tall ferns uncoil themselves
And stretch each delicate frond
At the slightest touch of your hand alone,
As if moved by some subtle bond?

For the ferns are tender and true, sweetheart;
They love but the good and the pure,
But there is no woman under the sky
Of whom the ferns are so sure.

Have you seen the field this morning
Where we walked together last night,
How all its cool soft greenness
Is jewelled with pink and white?

For whenever your footsteps, darling,
Fall on the tender grass,
The clover springs up to kiss them
And makes sweetness as you pass.

Do you catch the look in the pansies' eyes
As you bend o'er the garden bed?
Do you know the thought each is thinking, dear,
As it nods its velvety head?

The pansies are loving and wise, dear heart;
They think thoughts that are true,
That never was gift to a man or flower,
Like the love of a woman like you.

*Dorothea Cranshaw.*

## HOME LETTERS.

While in College most of us are expected to write at least once a week to our parents at home. What shall be the character of these letters? Shall they be the plaintive wails of a homesick Freshman, a series of gushing, incoherent glimpses into the social life of a noisy Sophomore, the epigrammatic criticism upon her College life and work of a busy Junior, and the pathetically scanty efforts to delineate her "prospects" on the part of a perplexed Senior?

If the student sends home her College paper, little supplement will be needed in matters of fact, —and less in matters of theory. Why, then, may not sympathy with home-life and interests have a larger place? Shall College life separate itself so widely from family life that its strong, noble principles, its beautiful theories, its broad and general views of human interests, must all fall powerless before practical life, right in the face of the golden opportunity of a single student's weekly home-letter.

We study how to bring our life into touch with the world's practicality. Here is one free period each week for laboratory practice in that study, open to all classes.

Each week as we "write home," let us bear in mind the special needs of our friends, and send to them, therefore, not *our* best intellectual tid-bit, nor, worse still, a reflection of our own evanescent mood, but the thought, idea or suggestion of all the week that our growing discernment tells us will be best for *them*. Thus shall we keep and increase, rather than lessen and lose, that priceless quality of human nature—the power of sympathy.

To the parents, too, this problem of letter-writing may come fraught with all its tender weight of responsibility. The letters from home are, too often, a misplaced and excessive sympathy with the trials of Freshman existence, a direct and detailed superveillance of the lively Sophomore's increased expenses, an abashed admiration of the terse, business-like Junior epistle, and a more or less disappointed query as to the value of the great Senior's learning.

College is to the minds of some parents merely the place of a convenient four year's seclusion for their youthful high-school graduates, to which they

intrust them with the calmest confidence, and from which their arrival is awaited with the greatest expectations. To the minds of others it is merely another link in the great chain of influences with which, by judicious manipulation, they are to bind this free being for whom they are responsible to a certain definite and prescribed line of life. Both are disappointed when, at the College Commencement "the great 'know-all machine' opens and the girl steps forth."

Such parental hallucinations, however, are largely removed by a subscription to the College paper. During vacations, too, the Legenda, sundry memorabilia, the concert programmes, etc., supplement the PRELUDE in giving a mutual understanding of College life and afford themes for light social conversation.

But what shall the parents endeavor to do for their daughters, in their own weekly-written pages? Just this,—to help *interpret* to them those new and beautiful thoughts, truths and theories which are so nigh to overwhelming the young mind meeting them alone,—to harmonize (as their own wider experience, should enable them to do,) the new life with the varied and complex individuality of their child, for they can know it as no other one can, not even herself.

Teachers teach by classes. They treat the students in masses. They must, when there are so many. But what every girl in College most needs is a wise personal *friend*, to suggest rather than direct, to think with, rather than for her, to understand rather than to control her, to know her past as well as her present life and to bring the larger world-life meanings within the limited field of *her* individuality. Who should do this as well as a parent?

"But" say you "we have no time," "we are not capable." You have the time you now spend in writing froth. You are capable of *trying* for a noble ideal. Save your own letters for a year, and then try to read them over for recreation, if you doubt the desirability—nay, the stern duty of improving them. Parents, estimate the cost of your stationery, pens, ink, stamps and time of a year's letter-writing to your daughter at College and then see if the game is worth the candle as it stands on a material basis.

"But" you still object, "'self-consciousness destroys spontaneity.'" Does it,—always? And is absence of a single, genuine, earnest, settled, purpose the one essential pre-supposition of the beauty of unconsciousness? Literary excellence in her home letters is often striven after by the ambitious student. May not both she and her parent-friend seek the development of a strong and true mutual helpfulness as well?

*Rosa Dean, '90.*

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## A POEM FOR THE PRELUDE AND ALL OTHERS INTERESTED.

As sometime it may happen that a College you may run,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
Of all classes of offenders, that you'll do well to shun,
Who never would be missed, they never would be missed.
There's the girl who talks in "silent time," although she knows it's wrong,
The girl, who visiting the sick, will always stay too long,
And those who overwork themselves, when feeling far from strong.
You may put them on the list, you may put them on the list,
For they never would be missed, they never would be missed.

Then the girls who stand to chatter, blocking up the corridor,
I've put them on my list, I've put them on my list.
The girl who waiting "half a minute," keeps you waiting "half a score,"
She never would be missed, I don't think she'd be missed.
The girl who never hears the half hour rising bell,
But thinks that dressing in ten minutes, will answer just as well,
The one, who, told a secret thing, is sure to go and tell.
You may put them on the list, you may put them on the list,
For they never would be missed, they never would be missed.

Then the girl I really must include, is she who uses slang,
She knows she's on the list, she's knows she's on the list,
The girl, who shutting doors and windows, shuts them with a bang.

She never would be missed, she never would be missed.
The girl who leaves her gas turned up, when she to dinner goes,
The girl, who wheeling heavy drays, will wheel them on your toes,
You may class them all together, for they'll all be known as those
Whose names are on the list, whose names are on the list,
And who never would be missed, they never would be missed.

But girls are not our only trials, within this College fair,
Though some are on the list, though some are on the list,
I'll try and mention one or two, yet many more are there.
And they never would be missed, I don't think they'd be missed.
The draughts from open windows, corners in Domestic Hall,—
Gaslights in the bedrooms, only suiting girls who are tall,
The knives we cut the bread with, surely these are worse than all.
So put them on the list, and keep them on the list,
For they never would be missed, they never would be missed.

*R. M. R.*

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, March 8, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, of Boston, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Mark 12: 31, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

* * *

At the meeting of the Christian Association Thursday, March 5, reports were given of the Cleveland Convention of the Student Volunteers, by Miss Laura Jones and Miss Amalie Sternberg, '91, the delegates from Wellesley. Miss Sternberg spoke first of the general character and history of the Volunteer movement. The movement originated at the Mount Hermon Convention in 1886. Princeton was the first College to take it up, and in four weeks after the first meeting, one hundred young men promised to go, if possible, as foreign missionaries. To-day, after four and a half years, there are six thousand Volunteers, three hundred of whom are already in the foreign field. One line of the work, which especially appeals to College women, is the editorial work. By this means, many can be reached that are not reached by direct religious work. Books written in foreign languages, and translations are greatly needed. Miss Jones spoke more especially of the Convention itself. It was characterized by inspiration, enthusiasm, and intense earnestness in prayer and song. With such earnestness, the motto—the evangelizing of the world in this generation—seems a possibility. Another impression was the great need of workers. It is claimed that if one hundred men would go to Japan for five years, there would be no further call for foreign missionaries in that country. There are many openings where money and established work are ready, bnt there are no laborers. Out of the six thousand two hundred volunteers, less than two thousand are women. Wellesley's influence among the Colleges is strongly felt, and it is the universal testimony that Wellesley has a great responsibility in this movement.

* * *

The February meeting of the Microscopical and Scientific Society was held Friday evening, March 6, in the Physical Lecture Room. Prof. Whiting addressed the Society on Meteorology. She said her subject for the evening concerned itself with those important phenomena, which constitute the principal topics of drawing-room conversations—for all people have opinions on the weather. An interesting account of the history of weather prognostications followed. The first theories to account for the weather phenomena were theological. The Greeks and Romans had many deities who presided over the various manifestations of nature, and by these means revealed themselves to man. In the Middle Ages the winds were thought evil spirits to be controlled only by prayer. A sacred science of the weather was developed on the basis of the Scriptures. The popes indorsed this, and the priests found it useful in terrifying the people and gaining a hold upon them. Both Catholics and Protestants regarded all disagreeable phenomena of nature as visitations. Some assigned them to the hand of the Almighty; others, to Satan. Bells were consecrated and baptised, so that when rung, they should exercise a controlling power over the demons of the air. The burning of sacred fires and other elaborate services were resorted to, to mollify the turburlent spirits. Even to-day in remote parts of Europe bells are rung to prevent the evil influences of the storms. Not only was this superstition ridiculous, it was also cruel, for it caused much persecution of so-called witches, who were accused of dark dealings with the fiends of the tempests. Franklin's invention of the lightning-rod marks the beginning of the new era in meteorology, when its theory was put on a scientific basis. People learned that the lightning-rod protected, when the bell-ringing failed. It was only after repeated disasters from lightning that, fourteen years

after its invention, the heretical lightning-rod was put on the Cathedral of San Marco. The same was true of many churches throughout Italy. After the historical sketch, Prof. Whiting illustrated the rest of her lecture by the stereoptican. She explained our local apparatus for making observations, and by means of charts she traced the progress of storms across the country, and described the method of foretelling the weather. At the close of the lecture the curves showing records of the temperature and rainfall at Wellesley were examined.

* * *

In the last effort in behalf of the Norumbega fund, the '90 Fifth-years were very successful, and, should the rest of the college give the alumnæ their coöperation with half the energy and zeal of these few, the debt would soon be paid. On Saturday evening, March 7, the College witnessed one of the prettiest entertainments ever given here. It consisted of a series of pictures, statuary, and tableaux given by home talent, which, as usual, was very good. The series opened with "Dreamland," which the shifting red and white calcium lights rendered very real. Next followed a remarkable bit of statuary, which under the blue light veritably seemed to be of marble, The next scene transferred us suddenly from a classic scene to a corner of our own land, where a band of earnest, dark-eyed Zunis were awaiting, harp in hand, the first rays of the rising sun. A series of pictures showed us familiar faces in new guises. The "Wellesley Light Infantry," however, was one of the crowning features of the evening, for there sat in a row, each with a doll, five of our Alma Mater's fairest, youngest daughters. After the lullaby was sung, each wee maid dutifully went to sleep, awakening only to sing the chorus of "Castoria." Pictures and statuary again followed, "Modern Fates," "Aurora," "Yes or No," "Christian Graces," "Before the Sacrifice and after the Sacrifice," a magic scene centering about Iphigenia, "Witch's Daughter," "Resignation," "Jeptha's Daughter," terrible "Vengeance" in ghastly solitude. A humorous bit was the pantomine-song of the "Three Maids of Lee," followed by the chorus from the "Three Old Maids of Lee." A pretty figure was executed very gracefully in the "Wheel of Fate." The costumes were dainty, and the performance excellent. Following this, was a long series of pictures and statuary, composing a charming art collection, evidently of the realistic school. This included "Medea," "Sub Rosa," "Justice, Mercy and Peace," "The Dancers," "Obelisk," "Ophelia" and "The Angel." Finally, the curtain rose on all the pictures, statuary, and performers grouped together, while the strains of "Good night, ladies" told us, all too soon, that the "Cosmorama" was finished.

* * *

On Sunday night, March 8, Miss Gregg, Wellesley's city missionary, spoke in the chapel on the subject of her work in New York. She first gave some interesting details of the mission-work for men carried on among the lodging houses in the lower quarters of New York, and of the difficulty of effectively presenting the Gospel, when, in addition to every imaginable inconvenience in lecture room and surroundings, part of the audience are intoxicated, part crime-hardened, and all indifferent if not absolutely antagonistic. She then gave some account of her own work, which lies chiefly among the women and girls of the tenement house district. Sewing classes are a great means of reaching the girls; instructions in sewing is given and the class is amused by readings or talks, which, it is hoped, will be productive of lasting good. The women are reached chiefly through the medium of the mothers' meetings. The mother-love is strong in these poor women, and very touching were some of the instances Miss Gregg mentioned of their devotion and self-sacrifice. The Sunday-school is another means of influencing the children, and through them the mothers. Miss Gregg has at present a class of over a hundred girls and hopes soon to begin another for boys. Teaching these children is by no means a light task; it demands all the thought, and tact and skill the teacher possesses. In fact this is true of all this work among the poor; one who would succeed in it must bring to it her best. The relation between the mission-worker and the boor is one of mutual helpfulness; much is learned on both sides, to one who enters the work in earnest it soon becomes irresistibly fascinating.

* * *

The annual meeting of the College Settlement Association was held in the Chapel, March 4th. Miss Scudder was reelected to the office held by her last year, and Miss Kate M. Ward, '92, was elected as her assistant. Miss Scudder spoke briefly of the success of the Settlement. It is a year since the plan was presented to the colleges; then it was an experiment, now its place in the community has been won. There are two aspects of the work,—that among the poor, and that of building up a keen interest among college women. It is the first philanthropic work belonging wholly to college women; and its success depends wholly upon the present generation of students. Miss Helen Rand, of Westfield, addressed the meeting on the work of the Settlement. Its aims are two: to help the poor, and give college women opportunity to learn methods of work and to study social problems. The College Settlement is not a mission, undertaking to do the work of the churches, but it aids and supplements their efforts. As a means of reaching young people individually, clubs are formed, not only for the

girls, but for the boys, who are fond of history, biography and science when presented in an entertaining manner. Fathers and mothers often come to the club entertainments, glad to coöperate with the residents and appreciating the interest manifested in them. The Sunday duties are varied, many of the residents working in churches and missions. This year a new feature is a chorus of young men which meets Sunday evening to sing sacred music. In order to avoid the danger of becoming too much absorbed in the details of the work and losing sight of larger problems, a Social Science club has been formed for the residents themselves. It is hard to judge of the results of the year's work since it is largely individual, it is incidental. The result which we are all seeking—development of character—does not come in one, or two years, but is a slow growth. All know they must patiently work and patiently wait.

* * *

THE fifth lecture of the course on Ancient Music was given on Mar. 2, by Prof. Hill. His subject, the "Music of Egypt," was a continuation of the subject of last week. One of the most interesting of the ancient musical instruments is the Sheban harp, paintings of which have been discovered. It had thirteen strings, a cone-shaped sounding-board, but no front pillar.

This Sheban harp was beautifully inlaid and ornamented. The stringed harp is an evidence of advanced civilization. A great variety were used by the Egyptians. Some had as few as four strings, others as many as twenty-two. Another interesting instrument was their guitar or lute. It consisted of a long handle and a flat body, and it had three strings. This was used both with the voice and in the orchestras. The Egyptians ascribed twenty-eight sounds to nature. They believed in the harmony of the spheres, and the study of astronomy they regarded as related to the study of music. Paintings have been found of Egyptian singers. They sang both alone and in chorus, often with the clapping of hands as an accompaniment. The music in the temple service was rendered by the priests. At all the religious festivals music was a part of the ceremony. No musical notation has been discovered. If one existed it was kept secret by the priests. Modern Egyptian music is not a development of the ancient, but different in character. A variety of instruments are used, many of which are of Arabian, Persian, or Assyrian origin.

* * *

"MACBETH," was the subject of the annual lecture of the Shakespeare Furness Fund, given Monday evening, Mar. 9, by Richard G. Moulton, Cambridge University (Extension) Lecturer in Literature. In order to arrive at the best understanding of the drama, Mr. Moulton first asked the question, What is the motive-force of the play? Who is responsible for the catastrophe, which involved two natures in utter moral ruin. The answers to this question are various. Some assert that Macbeth, a noble character, is turned toward vice by his meeting with the witches. That this is not a fair conclusion, is shown by the fact that Banquo, under the same circumstances, resists the temptations to which Macbeth yields. The only effect of this meeting was to temporarily turn Macbeth from his already murderous intents. It was the action of Duncan in proclaiming him heir apparent that stimulated his ambition, and his becoming king was due to circumstances independent of the witches, who merely marshalled events in the way in which they were already tending. Others claim that Lady Macbeth is the motive-force. But the dialogue discloses the fact that the original impulse to evil came from Macbeth. All that Lady Macbeth did was to prevent weakness from being added to his sin, for he shrank, not from the crime, but from the practical consequences of it. She, with her power to face a crisis and recognize an opportunity, nerved him for the deed, and held him in the path to which he had committed them both by sheer force of will, though her nature revolted. The traditional view of her character, that she is altogether lacking in womanliness, is not the right one. The gleams of tenderness and mother-love, and the affection for her husband, show that her real nature is suppressed by her unswerving devotion to his interests. She has no ambition of her own, no career but the life of her husband; she is changed into a new being by his opportunity. Only twice her iron will gives way and her better nature prevails—when she refrains from murdering Duncan, and again when she tries to prevent her husband from murdering Banquo. Macbeth himself, and not Lady Macbeth, is responsible for the action. He is actuated by no higher motives than practical, external considerations. She has the courage of the inner life. Two elements of her character—overpowering ambition for her husband, and natural aversion to violence—are constantly warring with each other, until in the conflict her mind at last gives way. Only because she had the loftier nature, may she be said to be the guiltier.

ON Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, Mr. Moulton gave a second lecture on Macbeth, and showed how it could be converted into an ancient Greek drama, and in so doing, brought out very clearly the differences between the classic and the Shakespearian drama.

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NO WONDER.

"No wonder me darlin' is cross-eyed,"
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother,
"For both of her eyes are so pretty
That each wants to look at the other."

*Brunonian*

## COLLEGE NOTES.

The editors of College Notes have decided to publish each week, for the convenience of the College at large, a bulletin for the week ahead. Will all who wish notices to be printed in the bulletin please leave them in the PRELUDE box, at least *seven days* before they are to be published.

### BULLETIN.

Saturday evening, March 14.—Open meeting of Phi Sigma.

Sunday, March 15.—Morning service in the Chapel, led by Rev. F. W. Bakeman, of Chelsea.

Sunday evening, March 15.—Temperance Lecture in the Chapel by Miss Elizabeth Fessenden, of Dorchester.

Monday afternoon, March 16.—Reception given by the Faculty to the Sophomore Class.

Monday evening, March 16.—Concert by the Beethoven Society.

Tuesday afternoon, March 17, at 2.20.—Lecture by Dr. Calkins before the Senior Class. Subject: "Ambrose the Statesman."

Tuesday afternoon, March 17, at 4.00.—Lecture by Prof. Hill. Subject: "Music of the Bible."

Saturday evening. March 21.—Hindu entertainment under the direction of Miss Gertrude Chandler.

Sunday, March 22.—Morning service in the Chapel, led by Dean Huntington, of Boston.

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Miss Juliette Wall, '91, was obliged to leave College very suddenly last week. She was called away by the severe illness of her sister, who died before she could reach home.

Miss F. May West, '91, and Miss Louise McDonald, '93, returned to College last week, after several weeks rest at home.

Miss Bessie H. Vail, student at Wellesley, '87-'89, is staying at Wellesley for a week or more. Part of the time she is spending with her sister, Miss Mary Vail, '95, at College Hall, and the rest with her former roommate, Miss Woodford, '91, at Freeman.

Miss Amy Holman, formerly of '92, spent last Sunday with Miss Lucy Dow, '92, at College Hall.

Mrs. Alice Vant George, '87, spent Friday of last week with the Misses Foster, Sp., in the village.

Miss Mabel Gair Curtis, spent last Sunday with Miss Carol Dresser, '90, at Wood.

Miss Joslin, student at Wellesley, '77-'81, is spending some weeks at the College, to assist Miss Laura Jones in compiling the "Record."

Miss Calkins spent two or three days with Miss Jewett, at the College, last week.

The class of '94 held a meeting on Friday, March 6, at which they elected the following officers:—Second Historian, Miss Gertrude Angell; Factotums, Miss Ada Belfield, Miss Kate Vanderburgh; First member of the Executive Committee, Miss Gail Laughlin.

Dr. Rainsford, honorary member of '92, has sent to his class a check for $50, to help in keeping open a skating rink, in some convenient place, during next winter's season.

The Junior class has voted to give this year, in honor of the Seniors, a garden party, instead of the usual evening reception. The Glee Club has kindly consented to precede this by a concert at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The "Cosmorama" which was given in the Chapel last Saturday evening, was voted by many the "prettiest entertainment given at Wellesley for years." It made about $50 for the Norumbega Fund.

The snow-storm last week was so severe that provisions from Boston did not arrive as usual, and at College Hall the housekeeper took an inventory of all the eatables in the house, to prepare for a blockade if necessary. The provisions, however, arrived safely after some delay, and College Hall was only inconvenienced by eating one breakfast for dinner.

A second political club has been started at Simpson, consisting of seven members. The plan is the same as that of the first club established,—without organization, meeting twice a week for informal discussion of the topics of the day. The first club has elected Professor Hayes as its honorary member. These clubs meet in the breathing space between dinner and seven o'clock, and require as preparation only enough reading of the daily papers to make one reasonably intelligent in regard to the affairs of the present and the future outlook. This is quite an inspiration to all for interest in the world outside, and furnishes a good topic of conversation at dinner. Would it not be a good idea if more of the College should adopt a similar plan?

There has been some talk lately about the advisability of Mr. Daly having a box for orders in the General Office. The matter has been brought up before the Faculty several times, and has finally been decided in the negative. Orders, however, for Mr. Daly, may be left with the door-girl, and will be surely delivered.

The Record Circulars are now out; and Miss Jones sends an earnest request that they be answered *immediately*, for delay in answering them causes great inconvenience to the Record Association.

Last Wednesday night, during the storm, several of the village girls started for Mrs. Spiers in a sleigh. They went by way of Waban, but just as they were turning from there the traces broke, and the party was obliged to spend the night at Waban, for the snow was so deep that they could not walk to the village.

Last Sunday afternoon, in the Stone Hall parlor, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton spoke to all interested, on the subject of "Christian Endeavor." He told what the society was, and what its aims were,—speaking particularly of its strength in intension, rather than in extension. Whether the movement was destined to be permanent or not, he said, it was meeting a great need by bringing young people to exercise their power, and by emphasizing the idea of brotherhood.

Last Monday evening, Mr. Moulton addressed the College on Macbeth. On Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, he spoke on "Macbeth and Ancient Drama" to the classes in English and Greek Drama; in the afternoon gave a lecture before the Bible Classes, subject: "Literary Study of the Bible;" and in the evening spoke on "The University Extension Movement."

We are glad to announce that Miss Shafer is steadily gaining in vigor. She has passed a delightful winter in Georgia with daily walks and with drives through the pine woods in glorious sunshine and delicious air. As she is starting for a short tour in Florida, her address will no longer be Thomasville.

## AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

A MEETING of the Western Wellesley Association was held in Chicago, February 28th, at the home of Miss Mary Howe, '88. Forty members were present, and several guests, among whom were Miss Amelia Hall, '84, and Miss Mary E. Jones '88. Four papers on recent literature were given, that of Miss Minnie Emery on the life and poems of Emily Dickinson being of especial interest.

THE February meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held at 1961 Madison Avenue, Saturday afternoon, February 28. Between sixty and seventy were present. After the transaction of business, the following programme was presented:

Piano Solo, Miss Grace Andrews.
Address on the Objects of the Club,
By the President and Miss Merrill.
Song, Miss Louise T. Fisk.
Piano Solo, Miss Mary McMartin.
Paper—Points of Interest in New York,
Miss Zaidee Williams.
Song, Miss Flora Smeallie.

THE seventh lecture in the History of Art course, given by Miss Kitty Payne Jones, '84, will be delivered in the parlors of the Y. W. C. A. building, Boston, on Tuesday afternoon, March 17, at 3.30. Subject:—Raphael.

MISS Grace R. Bower, student at Wellesley, '87-'88, has recently accepted a position in Miss Mittleberger's School, Cleveland, Ohio.

### BORN.

AT Chicago, Ill., Feb. 2, a daughter, Helen, to Mrs. Anna Belden Homer, student at Wellesley, '84-'86.

The Post Office addresses of the following persons are wanted for the Record Association. Will all who know any of these addresses, please send them at their earliest convenience to Miss Laura Jones, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Gillette, Annie L. '77
Gilman, Charlotte K. '78
Gilmore, Mary A. '75
Glover, Mary E. '77
Gold, Sarah M. '77
Gorham, Alice M. '79
Gould, Linda E. '80
Gould, Mollie J. '82
Grant, Jeannette A. '79
Graves, Catharine B. '82
Gray, Beatrice, '82
Gray, Eloise, '82
Gray, Jessie P. '82
Gray, Helen M. '79
Gray, Mary C, '80
Green, Mary S. '77
Grimshawe, Maude, '85
Grissim, Jeanette de L. '78
Grissim, Evelyn M. '79
Gross, Harriet A. '75
Grove, Eva M. '81
Grover, Ada M. '80
Grover, Clara V. '79
Grover, Loretta H. '79
Grubb, Cecilia K. '79
Hadley, Flora M. '81
Hall, Helen C. '75
Hall, Lillian C. '81
Hall, Martha E. '76
Hall, Mary L. '79
Hall, Ruth I. '79
Hallett, Sarah F. '81
Halley, Louisa S. '77
Ham, Ida, '75
Hamilton, Bertha, '81
Hamilton, Jennie L. '79
Hammett, Virginia M. '82
Hammond, Anne I. '78
Hammond, Charlotte F. '79
Hanks, Mary H. '76
Hannum, Louise, '85
Hanlon, Mary, '81
Harber, Addie E. '75
Hardon, Mabel F. '77
Harley, Mary J. '75

Harris, Katharine H. '78
Harris, Grace, '79
Harrison, Annie P. '75
Harrison, Laura, '82
Harrison, Edmonia, '76
Harrison, Henrietta H. '76
Hart, Helen B. '79
Hart, Susan J. '82
Hartman, Mary J. '81
Hatch, Addie M. '75
Hatfield, Minnie, '83
Hathway, Elizabeth T. '76
Haven, Evelyn E. '82
Heard, Sadie W. '75
Henderson, A. H. '81
Henderson, Lizzie B. '79
Hendricks, May G. '77
Herbert, Georgiana, '77
Hendrick, M. E. '82
Hersey, Clara, '75

## OUR EXCHANGES.

MARIGOLD.

I love confinement in thy bonds,
I love thy little stock to hold,
Thy very scent,
Aye, marigold.

I'll love confinement of thy bonds,
I'll love thy little stocks to hold,
Thy every cent,
*I* marry gold.

*The Trinity Tablet.*

L'ENVOI.

"Go, pretty Rose, and to her tell
All I would say, could I but see
The slender form I know so well,
The roguish eyes that laughed at me.

"And when your fragrance fills the room,
Tell her of all I hope and fear.
With every breath of sweet perfume,
Whisper my greetings in her ear.

"But, Roses, stay, there is one thing
You must not mention. Don't forget!
(For it might be embarrasssing)
And that is—You're not paid for yet!"

*Yale Record.*

TEMPORA NON MUTANTUR.

When Juno and Minerva came
With Venus to the Mount of Ida,
And each to beauty's crown laid claim
With Trojan Paris for decider,

Each goddess strove to back her passion
With presents, rich and rare and dear.
'Twas Paris THEN that set the fashion
And PARIS sets it, too, this year.

*Yale Record.*

## INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE students of Oberlin have adopted a college pin.

TEN thousand have graduated from the University of Michigan in forty-six years.

A MOVEMENT is on foot at Harvard to establish a University settlement in New York.

PRESIDENT Scott, of Rutgers, has received the degree of LL. D. from Princeton.

PROFESSOR Harper of Yale has formally accepted the presidency of the new Chicago University.

PROFESSOR A. H. Palmer, professor of Language and Literature at Adelbert College, has accepted a call to the chair of German at Yale.

THE trustees of Cornell have reduced the tuition in all except technical courses to $100.

THE Italian government has ordered English to be added to the courses of all the colleges.

NINETY-FIVE per cent of the entire college enrollment at Oberlin are Christians.—*Ex.*

THE Rutgers College Seniors propose to present a handsome stained glass window to the College as a memorial of them.

THE University of Pennsylvania is considering the question of admitting women. The faculty have voted in favor of it, 19 to 2.—*Ex.*

THE degree of LL. D. was conferred upon the late Gen. Sherman by Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth.

THE average Wellesley girl weighs one hundred and nineteen and a half pounds and is a trifle over 7 feet 2 inches in height.—*Ex.*

A JAPANESE student at Harvard has been allowed to substitute the Japanese and Chinese languages for Latin and Greek and still be counted a regular student.

SEVERAL Cornell Professors in the Literature Department threatened to resign on account of the rapidly decreasing attendance in their courses, as compared with the technical and professional courses.

SMITH College, Northampton, Mass., is to reproduce the "Passion Play." The music is imported as sung at Oberammergau and will be rendered by a chorus. Different scenes taken from the actual play will be given with the aid of the stereopticon.—*Ex.*

RUSSIA has five hundred and eighty-two professors and sixteen thousand students; Spain, three hundred and eighty professors, and sixteen thousand two hundred students; Great Britain three hundred and thirty-four professors, and thirteen thousand four hundred students; the United States, four thousand two hundred and forty professors and sixty-nine thousand four hundred students.—*Ex.*

## WABAN RIPPLES.

### Rhymes of the Reception.

An old lady there was, of Bombay,
Who to Wellesley went one day,
There she met a young lady,
Whom she thought somewhat shady,
And she wished she were back in Bombay.

There was a young man, as I've heard say,
Who went to Wellesley, one sunshiny day,
To the Junior reception so swell and gay.

In the third floor centre he sipped his tea
And his plate he poised on his further knee,
While he sweetly talked to his vis-á-vis.

Sweetly he talked of the guillotine,
Of the horrors of death that he had seen,
He talked—and ate with appetite keen.

They talked of the chapel, a topic unique,
The lady proud, and the maiden meek.

"And when there are guests," she asked in the end,
"Then students are not allowed to attend?"

"From chapel and church" the maiden replied,
"Our students are never turned aside."

"And even the Freshmen then may go
To religious service." "Is it so?"

"For Seniors and Freshmen, admittance is free,
Such the kindness of our Faculty."

### Domestic Economy.

Here comes Alice
To fill her chalice
And Margaret comes behind her.
Oh, it is sweet
To see them meet,
Then Margaret walks beside her.

"Your work, my dear,
It is most clear
'Tis a heavy burden upon you;
To-morrow, true,
I'll do it for you
And stand with a tray behind you."

There's a deep, deep glance
As they advance,
Margaret and Alice beside her.
They say good-night
And then take flight,
For they hear a voice behind them.

## A THUNDER SHOWER.

The clouds draw up in line of fight;
From east to west their mighty champions spread,
The air is pressed beneath the heavy tread.
Darker it grows and closer, like to night.
No breath is stirring,—no live thing,
Or leaf, or bough, can lift its listless head
Until the warning notes of battle ring
Into the stillness as of death, and rouse
The slumbering wind, that, angry, rushing out
And driving all before in headlong rout,
Like messenger of evil tidings clears the way;
Whilst warrior clouds, with wrath upon their brows,
Join battle in a crash of thunder shock;
And fire and rain from Heaven descending, rock
The earth with their resistless might—
Until the gloom gives way again to light.

*Bertha De F. Brush*, '93.

### Overheard by the Library Table.

Paper Weight (to Lamp): "In what way are you going to deny yourself during Lent?"

Lamp (to Paper Weight): "Oh, I don't know. Guess I'll give up smoking."

*Ex.*

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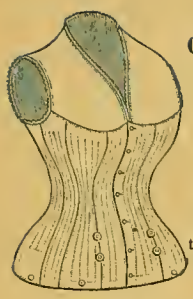

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